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The Last Mystics Standing



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Chapter 1 by XxWolfRocksxX

Thorn Vine knew that he couldn't stay solo in the world he was forced to call home for very long. He was but a simple siren and earth mage, and though it sounded powerful he was anything but. Don't get him wrong, he could easily hold his own against a few enemies. But with the new species of twisted creatures beginning to rise and slowly plucking the original mystical beings that had helped the world rise to it's glory out from existence, he couldn't risk his life very long. Though he was one to keep away from the crowds, he needed someone to constantly watch his back.

He had learned that the hard way plenty of times before, but now, he realized he had no choice. It was his own fault that he had a wounded arm now, with no herbs or medical supplies to help the healing process. He would have to wait it out, let it heal naturally and painfully. It, in no other better words to explain it, *sucked*. It was his left arm, which was his dominate hand in not only every day things such as writing, but it was also what he usually used for his magic.

Thankfully, he could still use it, but his magic would spread all throughout his arm and would send such pain through him that it made him second guess using his magic for awhile. That left

him completely weaponless. He didn't know how to use any kind of weapon, for he never had any interest in training in such a field. From the day he was born to this very moment, you might think he was just a simple mage, but he was just be thinking that surely that has some ability.

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It did have one purpose and one purpose only, but it's rather embarrassing. His siren abilities made him a wonderful singer, allowing him to sing people to sleep. But, every time, no matter how many times he practiced, he would fall asleep at the end of his song. Told you it was embarrassing.

Thorn was an interesting man. First of all, he was a siren as mentioned. Most sirens were females, so he was a rare case. He was about three hundred and thirty three years old though he looked to be in his mid-twenties. He had pale skin and ebony black hair that he kept short, and he had dark, almost puppy brown eyes that could charm anyone in all the lands if used correctly. His usual attire were black sorcerer robes that went down to the ground, lined with gray.

He wore gray trousers and a simple black shirt underneath, with a simple gray shirt to match the color scheme. He was clean shaven, a rare sight for most of the men in this world. If asked, Thorn would merely say that he had never begun to grow a beard in his life. He was slim and had nearly no muscle, giving him a frail and weak appearance of himself. Regardless, it was no question that Thorn was attractive for a man and seemed a bit feminine, but that was just a curse that came with his siren abilities. He stopped counting how many times he was mistaken for a woman.

Thorn was known around the land a bit, since he was one of the last sirens left in the world, not to mention one of the few last generations who knew what the world used to be before those... *Things* came. So, you could only imagine the slight stir he created in towns when he passed through them. His occurrences were rare and few, and anyone who even caught a glimpse of him would be considered the lucky one. Of course, there were people stronger, more well known than him, so it never got to Thorn's head. As if he was dumb enough to let that happen.

He ignored the stares he got from the people standing or walking through the streets of the large town that had once been a city. A third of it had been destroyed when those creatures came. It was saddening, such a beautiful and lively place had turned into a fiery hell in a matter of a few moments right before Thorn's eyes. He had been there and helped defend it, but as far

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throbbing), to deal with an interrogation. He continued to walk through the town, heading toward the tavern that was in the very heart of the place.

It was always very busy, which created a lot of noise from the workers and usually drunk patrons. It was perfect for a meeting that needed to be unheard of by the bystanders, which was exactly what Thorn was looking for. With his sly tongue he created the story that he was looking for a team, and that he would accept anyone that impressed him. It spread through the town slowly, and then like wildfire as young ones, most children, told their elders and parents and even their older siblings of the news.

Thorn walked through the different crowds that were in the tavern, avoiding the intimidating crowds that were made up of people that looked like they were made of muscles and weapons. He wrinkled his nose just slightly as he walked past one from behind, hoping that they would fall into a lake or learn how to take a bath. May the divine sources help the people there if they decided to go to a sauna.

The slender male sat down at a small table that was in a corner, which was mostly empty compared to the rest of the tavern. A worker, a female server with dirty blond hair that was in a braid thrown over her shoulder, came over and asked for his name, which he gave, and if he wanted anything. Thorn, who was never a fan of alcohol, asked for a simple salad. It was brought to him ten minutes later, though he couldn't blame the poor girl. She was being hit on left and right, like most of the other female servers here. It was a daily occurrence, and Thorn only hoped that she would stay safe.

He nudged the salad around in it's wooden bowl with his fork boredly, studying the contents. He saw a few mushrooms, bland, gray mushrooms that he had never liked, along with a few pieces of shredded cheese. He sighed softly, shaking his head before stabbing a piece of lettuce, getting a mushroom just to add *some* taste to the leaf, with his fork. He brought it to his mouth, lowering his fork after biting it off.

He chewed boredly, placing the fork in the bowl before placing his elbow on the wooden table.

He leaned his head against his hand, studying the large tavern with his dark eyes boredly. Now he could only wait to see if anyone would come. If no one came by the time night would fall, he would have to wait until morning for the next town. He needed to find a way to get out of here.

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He closed his eyes, letting the sound of the tavern surround him and take over his hearing. He let out a soft hum.

And he waited.

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This story is about a small group of people of all species that band together to take down the horrible and frightening creatures that have taken over their once beautiful land. With their leader, a sorcerer with siren blood in him, can they save their crumbling world? What a better question might be is can the new team tolerate each other long enough to keep themselves from killing one another?

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